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HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE OF KIANG.

CHAPTER II.

YANG-TZE AND LYNG.

DURING the reign of Ty-ho, King of the Van-to-hi-los,* there lived in the province of Wang † a man by the name of Yang-tze, who was a great hunter and manufacturer of those missiles wherewith to kill game in the forest. He had two wives who were named He-lo and Lyng. He-lo was the daughter of a great warrior by the name of Twang. He-lo was beautiful to look at; her limbs were turned as of ivory, her neck was like that of the swan, her face as rosy as the rising sun, her eyes like burning coals, her hair long, black, and silky, like the wool of the goats of Thibet, and her nose was like the beak of the eagle; her mouth showed the noble curve of her kingly ancestors, and revealed pearly teeth like transparent gems in their separate settings of crimson. She accompanied her husband on the chase, and wielded with dexterity the deadly spear and slungshot. But He-lo bore no children to perpetuate the race of the ambitious Yang-tze, and he took unto himself a second wife by the name of Lyng. How this came about, is what is related in this chapter.

Lyng was the daughter of one of the first Bonzes of the kingdom, by the name of Cho-ling. Cho-ling was a man learned in the mysteries of nature, and expert in the exercise of all sorts of witchcraft. He had for long years presided at the sacrifices of Chong-fo, and had been the principal physician and adviser to Ty-ho, the King of the Van-to-hi-los. He could predict when the time would be propitious for war, from the smoke of his altars, and the writhings of the bulls under the tormenting hands of the priests. As soon as his daughter had reached her eighth year, she assisted her father in all his priestly duties, and learned of him the mighty secrets of Chong-fo; and an apt scholar she proved to be. In her twelfth year her father saw her wisdom and sagacity, and having no sons of his own to succeed him, and women not being admitted to the priesthood, Cho-ling predicted from the blood of a white bull, slaughtered at the rising of the full moon, that the sons of Ty-ho would die prematurely, and his daughter Ling would succeed to the throne. And indeed it happened that in the ensuing spring, the priest Cho-ling discovered it to be a propitious season for levying war upon the neighboring Yan-tos, so he proclaimed it to be the will of Chong-fo that Ty-ho should take with him to the battle-field his oldest son Ty-ho-sin, in order to initiate him in the science of warfare. Ty-ho therefore ordered his warriors to cover themselves with the skin of the rhinoceros, and grasp their spears, and follow him to the battle-field. Ty-ho-sin, who was but a lad of twenty summers, accompanied his father, also Ho-ling, a priest, second in rank, and brother to Cho-ling, who remained at home. By his advice, the king left behind his wives and his two younger sons, under the charge of Cho-ling.

Ty-ho was old at this time, and very careful in his movements on the field of battle. But his son Ty-ho-sin, being impetuous, rushed upon the enemy, accompanied only by the faithful Ho-ling. Ho-ling returned one evening alone and in great distress, for his young master had fallen by his side, mysteriously killed by a stone which struck him on the top of his head. Ty-ho was inconsolable; he immediately ordered his warriors to kill every prisoner they had, and to hold themselves in readiness to return on the morrow. Ty-ho had been out on this expedition three months. In the meantime, his two remaining sons were wont every morning to walk down to the temple, to see the priests preparing the bulls and rams for the sacrifice. One morning they happened to enter an inclosure, where they were met by Cho-ling, the high priest, who engaged them in conversation. He led them into the interior of the temple, where he presented to each of them a garment made of red cloth, which delighted them so much that they immediately arrayed themselves in these, and went out to enjoy the sunshine. Cho-ling left them wandering through the fields, and returned to his duties. They had walked along but a short time when a wild bull, which the high priest was adorning for sacrificial slaughter, broke loose, and, rushing upon the boys, gored them to death before they could be assisted by their faithful friend and teacher Cho-ling. He ran after the bull with the sacred spear in his hand, and instantly killed the infuriated animal, but unfortunately too late to save his master's sons.

Now, Yang-tze was a man of the people, who feared neither beast nor man, and he had accumulated innumerable cattle and sheep, also servants, male and female, and he was a mighty hunter, and a great favorite with Chong-fo and his priests; and he possessed large lands on the confines of the kingdom, where he hunted the deer of the forests, selling their skins to various merchants of the Van-to-hi-los, and exchanging for them rice, tea, sheep, gold and silver and precious stones. And he managed to secure the balance of trade in his favor, and he soon governed the money-market and the political influence of the merchants of the Van-to-hi-los. He was, furthermore, a man who sent up his stated sacrifices every full moon, with an abundance of bulls, rams, and sheep, and found favor in the eyes of Chong-fo, and his high priest Cho-ling. Yang-tze gained much valuable information of the neighboring nations whom he traded with, and he imparted this to the high priest Cho-ling when he made his annual pilgrimage to the temple. Now it happened that during the three months that Ty-ho had been absent on the expedition against his neighbors, and had lost his son in battle, Yang-tze came up to the temple on his annual pilgrimage, and he told Cho-ling the high priest of his beautiful wife He-lo, and how she did not bear heirs to his large estate. Cho-ling accordingly spoke to him of his daughter Lyng, whom Chong-fo had selected to be the future queen of the Van-to-hi-los.

* Books of Tyng, vol. ii. † West of Thibet.

Yang-tze saw the maiden; she was young and delicate, but full of the wisdom of her father and the adroitness of her tribe. This did not deter him from offering to take her for a second wife. He made an agreement with his father-in-law Cho-ling, that the wilderness of his possessions should ever be open as a refuge to Cho-ling, in case he should lose favor in the eyes of King Ty-ho, and he took his wife Ling, and returned to his own domain.

Ty-ho soon returned from the land of the Yan-tos, triumphant and loaded with spoils, but mourning the loss of his beloved son. When he heard of the death of his younger children also, in the inclosure of the temple, his sorrow knew no bounds, and his wrath burst out in sacrilegious curses at the fate prepared him by Chong-fo, and the advice given through his priests, and Ty-ho became a scoffer, and he threatened to take the life of Cho-ling to revenge his innocent children. Cho-ling therefore went among the tents of the Van-to-hi-los, and told them how Ty-ho had displeased and rebelled against Chong-fo, and had threatened his own (Cho-ling's) life. How the wrath of Chong-fo must inevitably fall upon the people and King of the Van-to-hi-los, and that he (Cho ling) hoped that all devout friends of his would follow him into the wilderness of Yang-tze, his son-in-law, who would receive them with open arms, and provide for them. Cho-ling and all his friends left at once for the wilderness, and took with them all their weapons, their gold and silver and precious stones, and also the sacred vessels of the altar. But Ho-ling, the brother of Cho-ling, was belated in gathering up the garments of the temple, and King Ty-ho, with his soldiers, fell upon him, and killed him on the spot.

When the people discovered that Cho-ling, their high priest, had fled, and that Ho-ling, the second priest in office, had been killed by Ty-ho, and that there was no one to administer the sacred rites of the temple, they were sorely tried with the afflictions brought upon them by the revengeful hand of Ty-ho, and they rebelled, demanding of him the return of their beloved priest Cho-ling, who could alone intercede for them with Chong-fo, and prevent the total annihilation of the country for the grievous sins committed by their unfortunate king. The Yan-tos, in the meantime, had gathered together the full strength of their fighting men, and took up a threatening position near the encampment of the Van-to-hi-los. They had collected many thousand warriors well provided with spears, slung-shots, and clubs made of hard wood, and also clubs of stone. Ty-ho, being left alone with a few faithful followers to contend against the wrath of his enemies, and the rebellion of his own people, in his distress sent a messenger to the ringleaders of the rebels to inquire of them what were their demands. They replied that they desired to have Ty-ho, the king, go forth with seven of his friends, and twice seven men of their own choosing, into the wilderness of Yang-tze, and there request the return of Cho-ling. Ty-ho selected from among his followers seven of his friends and kindred, and the ringleaders selected from their own number fourteen good men and true, and they all, with king Ty-ho in their midst, set out for the wilderness, to request the return of Cho-ling the high priest. Arrived in the wilderness, Yang-tze came out to meet the king and invite him to his tent to rest and partake of his venison, and drink tea and eat of his rice. Lyng, the wife of Yang-tze, poured the tea for the old king into a cup cunningly wrought of cocoa-nut shell; and the king partook of it, but the draught did not refresh the weary frame of the old king; he shuddered as he drank, and sat down to his repast. After they had feasted the king and his followers, Yang-tze demanded of them what he could do to serve his king and master? And the king replied, "My people desire the return of Cho-ling, your wife's father, who is supposed to be with you in your encampment; they wish that he may return to the temple of Chong-fo, to reassume the priestly duties he abandoned; and that he may bless the people and the king, and reveal to them how and when to defeat their enemies." Yang-tze thanked the king for his message, and said, "Cho-ling, the father of my wife, is not with us, but has gone for many days into the wilderness to search for a place where he may erect an altar to Chong-fo. And Cho-ling will not return to see the face of men until he has found the place." Ty-ho, the king, and his followers were obliged, therefore, to spend seven days in the tent of Yang-tze, awaiting the return of Cho-ling. They partook daily of the food prepared for them, and daily the king drank of the tea offered to him by the hand of Lyng, the wife of Yang-tze. On the seventh day, towards the hour of sunset, the heavens were shrouded in darkness, and the winds blew and the storm raged fiercely, sheets of lightning flashed through the air, and heavy peals of thunder shook the very centre of the earth. And when the storm raged at the highest, Cho-ling suddenly appeared at the entrance of the tent of Yang-tze, and thus addressed the king and his followers: "Forty-seven days I have spent in the wilderness in search of a place fitted to erect an altar to Chong-fo! forty-seven days I have watched and searched without food, or sleep, or shelter, in vain. This day Chong-fo appeared to me many thousand miles from here in the mountains of Thibet, and said, 'Return immediately upon the wings of the storm to the tent of Yang-tze; and there you shall see the king Ty-ho and three times seven of his followers, and say to Ty-ho, the king of the Van-to-hi-los, my wrath is upon him for the blasphemies he has committed against me and my servants; command him at sundown to partake of rice and tea, and then to lay himself down upon his couch, and by morning his spirit shall have departed from his body. And with him shall die the last of his race, and Ty-ho shall no more be king of the Van-to-hi-los. Furthermore, say to him that my son Yang-tze shall henceforth be the king of the people whom I love, and his wife Lyng shall be their queen, and his wife He-lo shall be her servant; and Lyng shall bear children to her husband, generations of kings to follow after his death.'"

And when Cho-ling had spoken these words the winds

and rain ceased, and the thunder shook no more the foundations of the earth; the clouds separated and revealed the setting sun in all his glory.

King Ty-ho partook of the rice and drank the cup prepared for him by Lyng, the future queen of the Van-to-hi-los. After this the king laid himself down upon his couch, and his followers watched around him the whole night as he lay there buried in a deep and troubled sleep. When the sun rose in the morning, they approached the king's couch; his spirit had departed, and King Ty-ho was no more.

When his followers found how the words of Chong-fo had been fulfilled in their presence, they prostrated themselves before Yang-tze and his wife, and proclaimed them their king and queen. Yang-tze immediately assumed the position assigned him by Chong-fo through his priest and servant Cho-ling. He donned the garments of the departed king, and his wife Lyng was arrayed in queenly robes of wool from the sheep of Thibet, interwoven with silver and gold, and spangled with precious stones, and He-lo was given her as her servant. Yang-tze and his followers, many hundreds in number, with all their cattle and goods, broke up their encampment, and went to the temple of the Van-to-hi-los, accompanied by Cho-ling and the leaders of the people of the Van-to-hi-los. When they arrived, and Cho-ling had told the people the will of Chong-fo, and how it had been fulfilled in their presence in the death of Ty-ho, their king, whose remains were brought along, the people rejoiced that a new king had been set over them, and they swore allegiance to their new king, and in token of their gratitude, tied bundles of rice straw to the end of their queues, large and small, according to their rank and station. Cho-ling displayed the largest bundle of all, for he was the first man in the country after Yang-tze, the king, and Lyng, the queen of the Van-to-hi-los. What Cho-ling had predicted, that Lyng should be the queen of her people, came to pass.

Yang-tze gathered his warriors, and set out to meet the Yan-tos; but when they arrived at the place where they expected to encounter them in battle, they had departed, leaving behind a messenger of peace and presents of cattle and rice to Yang-tze, Lyng, and Cho-ling.

THE advice is unsound, as well as impracticable, which recommends that our time be always occupied with some industrious, or at least specific pursuit. After laborious mental efforts, the attention should be diverted to the lightest subjects possible; and as a general rule, it is best to leave the intellect a good deal free to its own operations, and to the entrance of casual reflections. Hobbes attributed his superiority to the moderation of his reading, affirming that if he had read as much as the philosophers, he should have been as ignorant. The fact is, he read less than he meditated. This, the great secret of all vigorous, creative thought, is a prime requisite in constructing the durable monuments of genius.—*Clulow.*

AN APPARENT CONTRADICTION.

Translated for THE CRAYON *from the French of* R. TOPFFER.

IT may seem from what I have said, in a former essay, that a true artist disdains his brushes, his India ink and his Wattman, convinced that these implements have little or nothing to do with the affair. But it is not so, and I should be the first to acknowledge that, one of the most certain signs whereby we recognize the veritable artist is the respect which he has for his materials—the care he bestows upon them—the place he assigns them in his affections. Here is a contradiction which I will explain, for it is only an apparent one.

St. Preux loved even the slipper of Julie—the artist loves the merest trifles of his art.

You will find the comparison strange, but it is true. Have you not known artists wanting bread, and spending their last cent for these trifles? Have you not seen them incurring obligations for their Art, which they would not do for their subsistence? Have you not encountered those who were misers in all things else—prodigals in this only? And is it not thus that true love shows itself? Listen—I will tell you a story, and you will be no longer surprised at my slipper.

I knew once a young household—the household of an artist, whom necessity as well as certain considerations in the matter of light compelled to reside in the attic. Here the husband at his picture, the wife engaged in her domestic duties, passed together days full of happiness, for peace, occupation and love changed this modest retreat into a paradise. I went often to see them, attracted by the sight of this tranquil happiness, and it was during these visits that I remarked at times certain shades of sadness in the countenance of the young wife, and certain signs of impatience in her humor, which she could not entirely dissemble, but the cause of which escaped me. One day, finding her alone, and seemingly gay and contented, I made the remark that she seemed happier than usual. She became suddenly pensive, and as it were, vexed, that I should have penetrated the secret of her heart. "It is true," at length said she; "but there are moments when I am jealous."

Jealous! I thought for a moment, as you also perhaps think, that some other woman—not at all.

"I am jealous," resumed she, with a smile full of sensibility; "my husband loves his art so much, he forgets me sometimes for it; he has for it affections, thoughts, which it would be sweet to me to possess without sharing. When we are alone, from the place where I am at work, I read in his face thoughts, feelings, which are strange to me, and I feel as if a third person were there, who draws him away from me. When I go out, and when pressed by the necessity of seeing him, I return in haste, I find him at his easel, calm, happy, having hardly missed me; and the idea that he is indifferent to my absence is bitter to me.

"And now," added she, while her eyes filled with tears